

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 45.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

The "SATURDAY PRESS" is the oldest of the Literary Weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.—N. Y. DAILY TIMES.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT No. 9 Spruce street, N. Y.

THE NEW-YORK: FIVE CENTS A SINGLE NUMBER.
SPECIMEN COPIES

Will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamp.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BRANCH OFFICE,
AT ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, NO. 927 BROADWAY,
where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the oldest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and most interesting of our exchanges.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the oldest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York. Mr. Clapp, the editor and publisher, is what we call a well-equipped and intrepid journalist.

From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book collectors which has fallen under our notice is the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, edited by HENRY CLAPP, JR.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the sprightliest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of new books, and books in press.

From the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the N. Y. Troweler.

The SATURDAY PRESS, published and edited by HENRY CLAPP, JR., is one of the best weekly papers we have seen. It is of great value to all those who wish to keep up current of all the new books.

From the N. Y. Leader.

A spirited embodiment of literary Bohemianism.

From the Xanadu News.

The liveliest and most piquant of our literary weeklies.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It (the SATURDAY PRESS) is edited with much sprightliness and ability by Mr. HENRY CLAPP, JR. Its dramatic feature is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialties as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

From the Scranton Republican.

It—the SATURDAY PRESS—is conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Springfield Journal.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, if you are so fortunate as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom lay it down again till you have read the last word. It is the best of papers.

From the Schenectady Daily News.

If ever a man deserved well of the public that man is HENRY CLAPP, JR., for giving to it a paper that cannot be put to what it thinks worthless. The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the twaddle of New York weekly periodicals.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS, edited and published by HENRY CLAPP, JR., a writer of ability, is one of the most independent, out-and-out journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The Press gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the New York Day Book.

We believe everybody, unless he is a sinner and a curmudgeon, likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, unctuous, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the bunglers.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current literary news, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, etc., and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

N. B.—Advertisements for the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS should be sent in, if possible, by Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NORTHWARD—NEVERTHLESS.—The United Presbyterian of Toronto last week passed the following singular vote:—

"We the Presbyterians being aware that the government have issued a proclamation, appointing Thursday, 3rd of November next, as a general holiday and day of thanksgiving to God for the late abundant harvest, and earnestly exhorting the subjects to observe the said public day of thanksgiving, the Presbytery agreed to declare, that while they hold it an important Christian duty to obey such a command, yet they do not consider the right of civil rulers to interfere in matters of religion. Nevertheless, considering that gratitude to God for his goodness in the late harvest, is as most festively and strongly binding on us, the Presbyteries unanimously all the congregations under their inspection to avail themselves of the holiday, for assembling to give thanks to the Giver of all good for the great mercy vouchsafed to us."

Original Poetry.

AN IDYL OF OCTOBER.
BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.
JULIE, MARY, BILLY, and I,
Walked down the cedar-lane one day,
When the sun was bright in an Autumn sky,
And the trees with their Autumn tints were gay:
Down to the bridge we way we took,
Past the chestnuts that crown the hill—
Down to the bridge that crosses the brook,
On the road to the cider-mill.

II.
A year before, we had met in the lane,
And then, half-jesting, environs we bound
To take the self-same walk again;
When another year had rolled around :—
So, when another October glowed
On shivery hedges and wooded ridge,
I found us threading the cedar-road,
And loitering on the bridge.

III.
The water swirled 'mong the caken posts,
In long, dark curtains, eddying by,
And boating leaves, like shadowy ghosts,
Were borne on the hushes silently.
Breezes dallied with JULIA's hair,
Where mingling gold and silver played—
Fair JULIA's face seemed still more fair
In the flickering shade and shade.

IV.
We feasted our eyes on the pleasant scene,
We gathered leaves of a thousand dyes—
Spangled with crimson, spotted with green,
And shaded with hues from Paradise—
We sang and shouted, we laughed and talked,
Till the woods were loud with our echoed glee—
O, never a merrier party walked
In a place more fair to see!

V.
Last year, when under the Autumn sky,
Through these bright Autumn woods we strolled,
We met a laide, pretty shy,
Mayhap some seventeen summers old ;
A blue-eyed, bashful country-maid,
Who passed us, timidly glancing down,
Her blue eyes taking a deeper shade
From the lashes long and brown.

VI.
I, who have ever been forever—
Loving a merry wench always—
Felicited to have fallen in love with her—
A new-found passion, to last for aye—
So, when we spoke of the cedar-lane,
And plants for this year's ramble laid,
We wondered if we should meet again
With the blue-eyed, bashful maid.

VII.
Then, I said that if we should meet
With the country-lads, modest and fair,
There on the bridge would I kneel at her feet,
And all my passion for her declare:
Well, as we came to the foot of the hill,
Where the maples glowed like a colored flame,
Down the road from the cedar-mill,
The blue-eyed damsel I found myself.

VIII.
But, also, for the ways of destiny !
I spied some leaves so gorgeously broid,
Decking the boughs of a maple-tree,
By a fence between the road and the wood.
That I vowed to have them whether or no—
Coveting beauty as some covet gold—
And, venturing where the ground was low,
In a swamp I found myself.

IX.
There I gathered the prettiest leaves,
Standing, the while, on brackish ground—
Such fair châpîts as Nature weaves—
When Autumn, King of the Year, is crowned—
And there, alone, long after the time,
I found a heaven-blue violet,
Gleaming up from the ooze and slime
Like a jewel, feely set.

X.
Many a leaf of orange and red,
Gold and purple, scarlet and brown,
I found on the braches overhead,
Or where the wind had rustled them down—
Gathering these, no more could I stand,
And the blue-eyed, bashful, country-maid
Had gone, when I gained the road !

XI.
But JULIE and MARY were there—
Better than handful match are they—
The blue-eyed lads is not more fair,
And not more modest, as I surely might—
I felt some pride, as surely I might,
When I showed my leaves and my violet—
These Autumn colors were wondrous bright,
But those faces were brighter yet !

XII.
Whenever I see those leaves again,
Pressed and varnished by JULIA's skill,
I shall think of our walk in the cedar-lane,
And the bridge on the road to the cedar-mill ;
And if ever for the bashful lads I sigh—
I, who have ever been forever—
I will see that she does not pass me by—
I'll wait on the bridge for her !

XIII.
FOREST FLOWERS.
BY AUGUSTA R. KNOWLTON.

I sought my darlin' love one day,
As she was calling forest flowers—
She said that they were all wet with spray,
" That's only bed with sunny hours."

" The spray crept down from out the clouds,
Along the trembling threads of night—
Resigned the dainty leaves in crowds,
And hastened off by mornin' light."

" By mornin' light it haud away,
And then the leaves dropp'd and die—
Ah! if the dew could only stay !"
And then she dropped her soft blue eyes.

Oh sweet ! thought I, mere Love is like
One of thine own bright forest flowers,
Mid night and tears it flourishes,
But drops and dies in many hours.

TO —

Low daris the light across the western wild,
Long quivering beams lie on the silent sea,
The East is blue, the West is wrapped in gold,
Wrapped my spirit is in love for me !

II.

From the blue waves the sunbeams melt away ;
Above the far horizon's rim I see
One faint white sail against the falling day,
As faint and cold as thy love for me !

III.

Bishop Onderdonk has decided to bring a legal action to recover damages which he has sustained through the deprivation of his office and its immunities.

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has been in England for some time past, will spend the winter in Switzerland. Her husband will return home immediately.

WAKING FROM ILLUSIONS.

Written for the New York SATURDAY PRESS,
BY GETTY GAY.

" Too fluttering sweet to be substantial."—ROBERT AND JULIA,

ACT II. SCENE 2.

One by one have my most beautiful illusions vanished, and yet so far am I from despair, that I smile with mingled pleasure and sadness as I remember their vanished loveliness. How fresh and sunny they were in childhood, almost angelic, till the touchstones of actual experience, like the disenchanted's wand, exploded them forever, and left nothing but stony reality in their place !

I love my mother fondly still ; but the beautiful illusion which haloed her presence, imparting to my mind at once a heart-and-a-sense of perfect security, is gone, and I behold in her a woman almost as imperfect and fallible as myself. My affection is now measured, rational, and lives on the past ; but it was then implicit and unbound, the main stay of my confidence and of my daily delight. And what of my mother is in a degree applicable to my father, though he died years ago, before the excess of my filial affection had been tempered by a knowledge of the world. My heart is as warm as ever, but my head cooler ; and the halo which surrounded every beloved object has disappeared, leaving it in cold clear light, which allows neither faith nor imagination to exaggerate its idol. Even things unseen, once as assumed as things present and palpable, have, through doubt, evidence, and discussion, partially lost their charm, and that nearness which filled my soul with the rainbow, and the sunset, with angels, golden portals, and vistas leading up to heaven.

My father was a gentle and noble-hearted man, and I thought him perfect ; but I longed for a brother who could share my juvenile feelings, sports, and pleasures. My only brother died in infancy. When I was about five years of age, I was sent to a school for little ones, and there became acquainted with a boy, almost twice as old as myself, who then seemed to me the most beautiful being I had ever beheld. He was " my wish exactly to my heart's desire " for a brother, and I almost looked upon him as such, for he made a pet of me,—perhaps because I was the smallest girl in the school, and, being also very delicate, involuntarily attracted his sympathy. He soon grew to be the hero of my day and nocturnal dreams, and I loved him more than I did either of my sisters, or even the baby.

He allowed me to stand or sit on the bench beside him, to play with his soft, curling, glossy brown hair, laughed on me with his beautiful blue eyes, and sometimes kissed me and gave me fruit and candy. But my love for him was not selfish, and the candy, fruit, and kisses might have been withheld, without causing any perceptible diminution in my regard for him. His partiality was remarked, and my schoolmates used to call him my beau. The import of the word was more than I could fully comprehend, but it conveyed to me meaning enough to gratify my pride, and fill me with delicious confusion.

At home I was much flattered. I was very observant, and my sayings were considered remarkable in so small a child. But must I confess the truth ? I was anything but an apt scholar, for I lacked that parity of mind which enables children to learn their lessons without understanding a word of them. I was slow in committing to memory, and, being so fragile, my teacher was cautioned against urging too arduous application on my part. At the time I speak of, I had made less advance than any of my fellow-peers ; and, on one occasion, when the old maid who kept the school had turned over to me my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy, a very apt scholar, who understood his lesson and did not need to be reminded of it, I had fortunately no occasion for the hood, and did not go out all that day. Another six days elapsed, on every morning of which I was played with as before ; but when the next Sunday arrived, which proved very bad, I knew I must give the hood or take the consequences, more than I could afford to pay. I turned over to my favorite boy,

can no more be explained than can the emotion excited in an exile's heart by the song that recalls his home. The contempt which this old man affected to feel for the fine efforts of art, his glibness, his malice, Porbus's deference to him, his picture so long kept concealed a work of pollution, denials of genius, if Poussin could judge from the head of the Virgin, which he had so frankly admired, and which, even in comparison with the Adam of Mabuse, was evidently, from its excellence, the work of a prince in art—every thing about this old man, seemed superhuman. The rich imagination of Poussin saw clearly in this wonderful being a complete image of the artistic nature—that nature to which, though weak itself, so much power is given, and which often, in spite of that power, guides the vulgar, and often its admirers, over the stony paths where, though for them there is nothing to be gained, this white-winged spirit, delighted with its own fancies, finds its epic, its castles, its works of art—a nature at once generous and deceitful, productive and poor. So for Poussin, the enthusiast, this old man, by a sudden transformation, had become the image of art itself—with its secrets, its passions, its dreams.

"Yes, my dear Porbus," resumed the old man, "up to the present time I have failed to find a perfect woman—one whose beauty was faultless, whose skin—But where is she in life," interrupting himself, "this Venus of old, so often sought, for whose beauty we, in these days, find only in scattered fragments? Oh! to see once, only for a moment, the divine ideal, perfect and complete; I would give all my fortune; but I would seek you again, oh celestial beauty! in your secret hiding place. Like Orpheus, I would descend to the hell of art, to restore you to life."

"We can go now," said Porbus to Poussin. "He neither hears nor sees us any longer."

"Let us go to his studio," said the young man.

"Ah, the old fellow knows how to guard the entrance there. His treasures are too well protected for us to see them. I have attacked the mystery long before you advised or thought of doing so."

"There is a mystery, then?"

"Yes," answered Porbus. "Old Frenhofer is the only pupil Mabuse ever had. His friend, his patron, his father, Frenhofer sacrificed a large part of his fortune to gratify the passions of Mabuse ; in exchange, Mabuse taught him the secret of relief—how to give that wonderful air of light to his figures, that semblance of nature, our lasting despair, but which he knew how to do so well, that one day, having sold for drink the embroidered damask for his court dress, he accompanied his patron to a reception of Charles the Fifth, dressed in a suit of paper painted to represent damask. The splendor of the suit won by Mabuse attracted the attention of the Emperor, who, complimenting the patron of the old drunkard upon its beauty, discovered the cheat. Frenhofer is a man who has a passion for art, and who sees higher and further than most artists. He has studied color and drawing profoundly—but so profoundly that he has come almost to doubt concerning the very object of his researches. In his moments of despair, he says that there is no science of drawing, and that with lines only geometrical figures can be represented. That is not the truth, since with lines and black, which is not a color, we can represent a face—which fact proves that our art, like nature, deals with a great variety of elements. Drawing is the skeleton, color clothes it with life; but the flesh without the skeleton is an incomplete as the skeleton without the flesh. One conclusion only is nearer the truth than this, and that is, that observation and practice are everything to a painter, and that if reasoning and fancy quarrel with the brushes, we will become like our good friend, who is as much a fool as a painter. A sublime artist, he suffered the ill-fortune of being born rich, that has enabled him to fritter away his time. Don't imitate him. Work! Painters should never meditate, except with brush in their hands."

"We will yet penetrate into his studio," said Poussin, not listening to Porbus.

Poussin smiled at the young man's enthusiasm, and making him to call again and see him, went on his way.

Nicholas Poussin returned slowly to the second rate hotel in which he lodged. Mounting uneasily to his room, he entered a large garret chamber, under the tile roofing usual in the old houses of Paris. Near the only window in the chamber sat a young girl, who turned with a passionate movement at the opening of the door; she had recognized the painter by the way he moved the latch.

"What have you been doing?" said she.

"I have been learning," cried he with joy, "that I am right in feeling I am a painter. I doubted, until this morning; but now I feel certain of myself. Ah! Gillette, we will yet be rich and happy. There is gold in these brushes."

But suddenly he was silent; his face lost its joyous expression, as he compared the disparity between his hopes and his present resources. The walls were covered with crayon-sketches on paper. He had no canvas; colors were then very high in price, and his palette was almost bare. Surrounded with this poverty, he still possessed the wealth of a great heart and boundless genius. Brought to Paris by a friend, or rather by his artist instinct, he had soon met with a mistress—one of those noble and generous souls who were born to suffer with a great man, wedding his miseries, and learning to sympathize with his caprices; strong in supporting poverty and love, as others are bold in displaying their luxury and their heartlessness.

The smile that played upon the lips of Gillette adorned the garret, rivaling the brightness of the sky. The sun was sometimes hidden by the clouds; but she was always there, retained by her love, bound to her happiness and her suffering, consulting the genius which unfolded itself in love, before triumphing in art.

"Come here, Gillette, and listen." The obedient and happy girl came to his knee. She was all grace, all beauty, charming as the early Spring, decked with all womanly riches, and enhancing them by the expression of a glorious soul.

"Oh God!" he cried, "I do not dare to tell her."

"Ah!" she said, "a secret! I must know it."

Poussin sat thinking.

"Tell me now."

"Gillette, dear love!"

"You want me to do something?"

"Yes."

"If you want me to pose for you, as I did the other day, I won't do it, because you look at me, and your eyes say nothing; you are not thinking of me, and yet you look at me."

"Would you rather have me draw from some other model?"

"Yes, if she was very ugly."

"Well," answered Poussin, in a serious tone, "if to secure my future glory, if to make me a great painter, it was necessary to pose to another?"

"You desire to prove me," she said; "you know I could not do it."

Poussin let his head fall upon his breast, as a man influenced by grief, a joy which is too strong for him to bear.

"Listen," she said, taking hold of his well-worn coat by the sleeve. "I have told you, Nick, that I would give my life for you; but I have never promised that I would surrender your love."

"Surrender my love!" cried Poussin.

"If I should show myself thus to another, you would never love me more, and I should feel myself unworthy of you. It is a very natural and simple thing to obey your caprices. Despite myself, I am happy and proud to follow your dear pleasure. But for another—oh, no!"

"Pardon me, my dear Gillette!" said the painter, throwing himself on his knees. "I prefer being loved, to being famous. To me you are more than fortune or honor. Here, throw away these pencils, burn these sketches; I have deceived myself. My calling is to love you; I am not a painter, I am a lover. Let art and all its secrets perish."

Gillette, happy, delighted, admired him. She ruled

him, and felt instinctively that, for her, art was forgotten, and cast at her feet, as a grain of incense.

"Yes," commanded Poussin, "he is only an old man; he would only be a woman in you, you're his master."

"We must love," shivered, ready to surrender all her honours, so that she could reward her lover for all the insults he had made for her. "But that would destroy me! Ah! to destroy myself for you—that would destroy me! Ah! to destroy myself for you—that would be beautiful; but you would forget me. Oh! what an awful thought is that you have proposed to me!"

"I have had it, and I love you," he said, with a sort of contrition. "I am a scoundrel for it."

"Let us consult Father Hardown," she said.

"Oh no! let this remain a secret between us."

"Well," she said, "I will go; but don't you let present—stay outside, armed with your dagger; if I cry out, rush in and kill the painter."

Saying nothing but his art, Poussin pressed Gillette in his arms.

"He loves me no longer," thought Gillette, when she found herself alone.

She was sorry already for her consent—but she was soon a prey to an idea more fearful than her sorrow; she strove to drive from her heart a fearful thought, that would arise there. She believed she loved the painter less, for thinking him less admirable than heretofore.

II.

CATHERINE LESAULT.

Three months after the meeting of Poussin and Porbus, the latter went to see Frenhofer. The old man was then laboring under a fit of profound discouragement, the reason of which, if we must believe the staticians in medicine, lies in indignation, the wind, the heat, or some gathering of hypochondria; and according to the Spiritualists, in the imperfection of our moral nature. The good old man was simply fatigued from working upon his mysterious picture. He was seated languidly in a large chair of carved oak, trimmed with black leather, and, without changing his melancholy attitude, looked at Porbus with the air of a man whose dejection is hopeless.

"Well, master," said Porbus, "is the ultramarine that you went to Bruges to buy, bad? or don't you know how to mix your new white? or is your oil poor, or your brushes unmanageable?"

"Aha!" said the old man, "I am not more than a mortal woman!" She proudly raised her head, and when, after looking at Frenhofer, she turned towards her lover, and saw him fixedly gazing at the portrait, which he had before mistaken for a Gorgone. "Let us go up," she said; "he never looked at me so."

"Old man," said Poussin, recalled to himself by the sound of Gillette's voice, "do you see this sword? I will plunge it in your heart, at the first word of complaint this young girl makes; then I will fire your house, and none of us shall escape from it. Do you understand?"

Poussin was stern, and his words terrible; his attitude consoled Gillette, who pardoned even his sacrifice of her to his art and his future. Poussin and Poussin stood silently at the door of the studio.

At first, the painter of Marie in Egypt kept saying, "She is undressing; he tells her to advance to the light; he compares the two." But soon he was silent at the aspect of Poussin's sad face, for though old painters have no small scruples in the presence of art, he respected them in the young man, they were so natural and fresh. Poussin kept his hand upon his sword, and his ear pressed against the keyhole. In the darkness the two lurked, like conspirators waiting for the moment to stab a tyrant.

"Enter! enter!" said the old man, his face radiant with joy. "My work is perfect, and now I can show it with pride. Never shall painter, with brushes, colors, canvas, and light, make a rival to Catherine Lessault, the splendid mistress."

Excited with curiosity, Porbus and Poussin rushed into the studio. It was a large room, covered with dust, in great disorder, with pictures hung here and there against the walls. They stopped before the life-size figure of a woman, half nude, which filled them with admiration.

"Oh, don't trouble yourselves with that," said Frenhofer; "that is only a study which I made for the position;—that picture is not worth anything. These are my errors," he said, showing splendid compositions hung about the walls. Hearing this, Porbus and Poussin, astonished at the contempt expressed for such pictures, looked for the master-piece without finding it.

"Well, look at it," said the old man—his hair in disorder, his face flushed, his eyes glistening, and breathing hard, like a young man intoxicated with love. "Ah!" he cried, "you did not expect such perfection. You meet a woman, where you looked for a picture. There is so much depth in it—the atmosphere is so real—that you cannot distinguish it from the air that surrounds us. Where is art? Log! destroyed! See the very form itself of a young girl! Have I not succeeded perfectly with my carnations, the spirit and outlines of the figure? Does it not present the appearance of an object seen in an atmosphere, as we see fish in the water? Look at the relief of the figure. Does it not seem to you that you can pass your hand behind that back? Thus for seven years I have studied the effect of light. And her hair—see how the light glimmers through it! I believe she breathes! Look at her breast! Who would not worship her, upon his knees? Her pulse throbs! She is about to arise!

"Do you see anything?" said Poussin to Porbus. "No! do you?"

"Nothing at all."

The two painters left the old man to his ecstasy, and examined whether the light, in falling directly upon the canvas, did not neutralize its effect. They looked at the canvas from the right, the left, in front, standing up, stooping down.

"Yes, it is reality nothing but a picture," said Poussin, mistaking the meaning of their close examination. "Look at the easel, the curtain, my colors, my brushes," said he, showing them a brush in his hand.

"The old fellow is joking with us," said Poussin, returning before the pretended picture. "I see nothing but a confused mass of colors, daubed one over the other, surrounded by a multitude of crooked lines which form a sort of border to the colors."

"We are mistaken—see!" said Porbus.

Coming nearer they saw, in a corner of the canvas, a part of a naked foot, which stood out from the chaos of tints which surrounded it like a fog. But it was an exquisitely foot—a living foot! They stood in speechless admiration before this fragment, which had escaped from the slow but certain destruction. It looked there like some torso of a Venus in Parian marble, which had survived among the ruins of some city destroyed by fire.

"There is a woman under all this," said Porbus, pointing out to Poussin the different coats of color with which the old man had destroyed his figure, in wishing to perfect it.

The two painters turned towards Frenhofer, commanding to vaguely understand his ecstasy.

"He is in earnest," said Porbus.

"Yes, my friend," said the old man, awakening, "there is need of earnestness of faith in art; and one must live a long time with his work in order to produce a similar creation. Some of my shadows have caused me a great deal of labor. See! there is one on her cheek, just under the eye,—a delicate shading, which, if you will notice it in nature, will appear to you almost impossible to represent. Well you may believe it has cost me unheard-of trouble to paint it. But, my dear Porbus, study my work carefully, and you will understand better what I have always said about truth in drawing and outlining. Look at the light upon her breast, and see how, by a series of sharp touches, I have succeeded in catching the actual light and combining it with the glistening white of the flesh; and how, by proceeding in an opposite way, by toning the lights, I have been able to graduate the contours of my figure, until lost in the shade, I have succeeded in removing all suggestion of artifice, and given the look and roundness of nature itself. Come nearer and you will see better. At a distance it disappears! There! that is wonderful, I think!" With his brush he pointed to a stroke of simple color.

Poussin laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and said, turning to Poussin, "Do you know that I think him a very great painter?"

"He is more a poet than a painter," said Poussin gravely.

"There," said Poussin, showing the canvas, "is the earthly limit of our art."

"From there its existence is ideal," said Poussin.

"How many hopes and pleasures are buried in this canvas!" said Poussin. The old man, smiling abstractedly at his imaginary woman, did not hear them.

"But sooner or later," continued Poussin, "we will come to find that there is nothing on his canvas."

"Nothing on my canvas!" cried Poussin, turning from the two painters to his picture.

"What have you done?" said Poussin to Porbus.

alone protesting against the violence offered to her.

Poussin ceased his folliet, shaking his head.

"I am a scoundrel, ready to surrender all

her honours, so that she could reward her lover for all the insults he had made for her."

"We must love," shivered, ready to surrender all

her honours, so that she could reward her lover for all the insults he had made for her."

"But that would destroy me! Ah! to destroy myself for you—that would destroy me!"

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

"Let us go, Gillette."

At these words, she raised her eyes, and rushed into his arms.

"Ah! you love me still!" she cried, bursting into tears. Though strong enough to stifle her suffering, she could not conceal her happiness.

"Leave her to me for a moment," said the old painter, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. You consent to it."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Operatic

Two sensations:
1. *Maria di Rohan*: Gazzaniga, Stigell, Ferri, Mme. Strakosch.
2. *La Foranda*: Gazzaniga, Bracard, Amadio, Junc.

Maria di Rohan is not very frequently done, here, and it is not well treated when it is done.

The story is pretty good, though hardly the thing for the domestic frolics of a New-Connection Methodist family.

Probably everybody knows all about Maria. She was a very well bred person, with a weakness for flirtation.

That was in the time of Louis something (not Denmonde) or the Regency, I forget which.

In such matters, one can be particular about dates, the number of women of Maria's order having been very large in France and elsewhere, at all known periods.

I am told that there are several in New York, now. They are good things to make plays and operas of.

In point of fact, I don't know what the composers and dramatic authors would do without them.

In this opera, Maria gets into a great deal of trouble through her flirtations, first with the contralto, a sort of Faerie of the last century, and then with the tenor, the Count de Chodra, a man about town, and not a proper person to ask to dinner, if there are grown-up young ladies in the family. The baritone, the Duke de Chevreuse, who has a proprietary right over Maria, don't see all this in an agreeable light; and after a terrific row, and several fights and propositions to fight, he (the baritone) takes the tenor into a little closet on the left hand side of the stage, and then and there, with a deadly weapon to wit, a pistol, charged with powder and a leaden bullet—does him to death. Returning, the triumphant baritone stands an attitude in the centre, and the unfortunate Maria slopes down on one knee, like a disconsolate bath towel.

As I said, it is a very pretty story.

The music is considered as among the finest that Donizetti has written,—passionate, powerful, sensuous, it belongs to the thorough Italian school, which I believe no one except Donizetti, Verdi, and Mercadante ever expressed.

It is unfortunate for us, however, that the artist will take liberties with the score of *Maria di Rohan*, cutting and slashing it as furiously as if it were a *Ledger-drama*, or a five-act tragedy by a distinguished American author. Stigell, the tenor, had very hard work with his role, and sang what he could manage of it, as it was in great pain. He may truly be called a painstaking artist. [That expression is original with the critic of the *Spirit*.] Gazzaniga got herself up very well for Maria, and looked like the fascinating feminine whom she intended to represent. She sang the Cavatina of the first act,—a favorite concert-piece with her admirably; and although overshadowed, not to say bullied by the baritone, was still very fine in the last act.

Ferri won the honors of the night, as Radici did before him, and as every decent baritone always will in this opera. People always like to see the tenor pitched into when it is done strong, and Ferri is absolutely ferocious. I am very fond of this baritone's style of singing; his mezzo-voce is the best I have ever heard, and his execution remarkably fine. He nearly set an enthusiastic foreign friend of mine crazy, and created a real future.

Mme. Strakosch looks too prim, proper, and matronly in garnon, and was not equal to the musical requirements of the rôle of dl. Gonelli. Who can ever forget the slashing way in which Vestvali acted it? She suggested rope ladders, assignations, duels, and billet doux in every movement.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the Juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

Like all the artists, Beauchard has been a warm political partisan in Italy. In '48 he was a most ardent Republican—one of the reddest of the red. A friend, who was at Florence during that exciting period, tells me that Beauchard went, personally, day after day, among the insurgents, singing the songs of Liberty, and teaching them to the young men. At night he would go to the theatre, and sing in the opera. The next day would find him again in the ranks. His voice was then in its prime, but he has absolutely almost worn it out.

Such an artist as Beauchard is, even now, cannot fail with our public. This is quite as certain as Coupon's idea, that Brignoli will not be supplanted. It is a good idea, also, to have an artist like Beauchard, to keep Brignoli up to his work.

Gazzaniga's *Leone* is a truly great performance. In the last act, she gives you a sensation equal to the shock of galvanic battery. There are occasional flashes in Gazzaniga's acting which are worthy of Ristori.

The Matinees are coming up again—the manager having pledged his word that the programmes shall be given as announced, without mutilation.

They used to cut an act here and there, to oblige some artist who was hungry and wanted his macaroni at half-past three.

The public, crinoline, said it was a shame, and kept its dollar for macaroni glaces.

Now the public is mollified. So every one will go to-day, when the programme is immense. There is a good deal of good Italian opera, and the Draytons in *Dow J. Judge by Apparatus*—very appropriate motto for the Academy, just now.

Opposite to the Draytons: They open at Hope Chapel on Tuesday, and will do very well, I believe. They ought, however, to pray to be delivered from the insane partisanship of certain sainine friends, who are laboring zealously to secure for the Parlor Opera the hostility of the entire press.

Rowns and Thangs. My little affair with the jokers of the New and the old *Spirit* is going on famously.

Next to the diphtheria, it is the greatest thing of the season.

The *Newspaper* man takes my advice and keeps his temper. He is a good boy. I accept his apology. I forgive him freely. Let him consider himself embraced, French fashion.

There, we are friends again!

The other is not so philosophical. He does let his angry passions rise; he does wish to tear out the subscriber's eyes, and write sundry wicked things about the subscriber, which incite the subscriber's tender susceptibilities in the most agonizing way.

Evidently belligerent is the friend of Virtue, and of the Draytons.

I don't see it.

But I warn him to beware of one thing.

Let him say what he pleases about the wicked, the corrupt, the malicious, the ill-looking, the ignorant,

the stupid *Princes*, but let him beware how he speaks of the Brightest and Best of her sex,—the favorite female child of the Eagle,—the most angelic creature that was ever sheltered by the Flag of the Free, or any other dreamer,—need I say, *Aixa Maria!*

One word against her, and I shall be changed from a Peuillotian to a Fiend, and shall send the Last of the Barons after the heaviest of the critics, at once.

So, rash youth, be warned in time. There is a step, beyond which, etc. etc.

Laure Keene's.

The *Elusive* wouldn't do here, and it has been temporarily replaced by *The Morris Hart* (Les Filles de Marbre), in which Jordan is splendid as *Rogert*, Wheatleigh very good in *Vivie*, and Miss Keene clever, though occasionally jerky and spasmodic, as *Moro*. It is a very entertaining style of play. *The Morris Hart*, and I recommend Dr. Bellows to see it when it gives place to the *Wife's Secret* which is up for next Monday.

The Barney Williamses

Are still doing a rousing business at Niblo's Garden, which is crowded every night by the nobility of the Oriental districts, the gentry from Peoria and Pike County, and ordinary people from the Fifth Avenue and other parts of the world. The last thing is a lively piece, called *Ireland as It Was*, in which persons who have been so unfortunate as to own estates in Ireland and expected to get any rent from their tenants, are abused as they richly deserve. The incidents of the play, as may be imagined, are of a particularly exhilarating character, and Mr. Barney Williams relives my mind very much by the announcement in the bills that things in Ireland look much better now than when this play was written.

A. M. inquires, is the simplicity of her heart, why do the play.

Bless your dear little soul,—isn't Barney Williams an Irishman?

George Christy

Has commenced a burnt-cork campaign at Niblo's Saloon. Just think of it,—where they have the Bachelor's Ball! *Facilis desensus Africanus*. To oblige a literary friend, (crinoline) who adores G. C. I shall see him off an hour and report progress.

Theatre Francaise.

They have been stealing another of our pieces here; *Les Crochets de Père Martin*, is nothing more nor less than a three act drama, written by a distinguished American author, for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and produced at Wallack's last Summer, under the title of "There's many a slip twixt the Cup and the Lip." People say, however (you know people will say) all sorts of absurd things, that the French piece is a great deal the best. It is quite certain that it has made a veritable success, a fact which is owing, without the slightest doubt, to its American origin.

Novelties.

At the Winter Garden, *Nicholas Nickleby*.

At Wallack's a Walcotized version of *Les Deux Aveugles*. They are both cleverly done, and have had a due measure of success. In the *Nicholas Nickleby* the hero belongs to Miss Agnes Robertson, as Smike, Jefferson as Newman Noggs, and T. B. Johnston as Squiers. T. B. has toned down a little and is much better for it. His performance was decidedly one of the very best order. The acting throughout was very good. If you want to have a real good laugh ought to see Holland as the Specimen Boy at D., the Boy's Hall.

The other piece, "Going it Blind," is an affair between Brougham and Walcot, and between them they manage to make a good thing out of it.

Miss Walcot has done the work of translation very cleverly; and I hope to hear before a great while that she has employed her pen in some dramatic work of greater intrinsic merit than *Les Deux Aveugles*, which does not amount to much at the best.

N. B. If any one is disgusted with this Feuilleton, let not the subscriber be blamed.

It is the diphtheria.

Now don't ask me what the diphtheria is? Never mind, please; it is something very disagreeable, and I have got it awfully.

The only thing that consoles me, is that everybody has got it more or less, and that it is considered quite the correct sort of thing to do. After all it is not so bad as being born to death by a veteran proser, like the "musical cricket" of the old *Spirit*.

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the Juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the Juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the Juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the Juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor."

I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beauchard together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beauchard may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the Leonoras to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired moment, sung himself out of voice.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about Beauchard.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Foranda* on Wednesday.

